Was It Chance

The wind swept over a silver string; The cord responded, but why did it sing

Was it chance ?

The golden sun, rising, illumined the sky'; The lotus awakened, but why did it sigh ? Was it chance 1

The nightingale hovered all night o'er the rose Why blossomed the rosebud at dawn? Who knows?

Was it chance?

The moon flew away with the dark gazelle Which courted the other? Who can tell? Was it chance ?

The lover found many strange ways to his fair But, arrived at the spot, she was ever there. Was it chance ? -From the Persian.

CHARMING BETTIE.

"It was all very long ago," the old maid said. "Can you believe I ever was pretty ?"

Priscilla opened her mouth to speak; but Miss Bettie did not wait to hear her.

"Yes, I was pretty once, and I was called 'Charming Bettie.' My hair was always curly, and my eyes used to be very bright. My cheeks were red so red, they accused me of painting many a time, and my teeth white and even, and my figure round and trim."

She had her snug, brown house, with its pretty, old-fashioned garden, her birds and her flowers, and her white kitten: but she must at times. Priscilla fancied, be very lonely, in spite of it all-

Priscilla could picture her in the ong winter evenings, sitting in the little, dim, lamp-lighted parlor, knitting -knitting.

"Miss Bettie," she said, gently, after a little, "who called you that-'Charming Bettie?"

"Who?" Oh, a good many. He called me so first, and then they all got to calling me that. I have never told my one yet. But sometimes I think it would do me good to speak about it. I get tired of only thinking-I think so much," with a little sigh, and the initting lying idle now in her lap. "His name was David Allyn," Miss Bettie said, rather tremulously. 3 "David Allyn-Lawyer Allyn!" Priscilla cried, her dark eyes large with intense surprise.

The spinster nodded.

he was young," she said, and she got David Allyn's feet. up and went to a little shelf and took it down. "He was a handsome boy." she went on, handing the faded daguerreotype to the girl, "and he was as good keep it-may I not?" as he was handsome.

The beardless, boyish face, with its irregular, unformed features, and rather sunken black eyes, did not strike Priscilla as being at all hand some

"Did you meet him here in R----?" she asked.

"Yes, at a dance at one of the neighpors'. He was a young lawyer, had just graduated, and hadn't hung out his shingle. But he was uncommonly mart, even then. He is our leading felt shocked; his wife had not been lawyer now, you know," the spinster added, with no little pride.

"It seems so strange to think he was Nour lover." Priscilla exclaimed.

"Yes, it does seem strange now, after all these years," Miss Bettie said, with another little sigh; "but it seemed very natural then. We met very often after the night of the dance, and we grew to know these country roads near here by heart, for many were the long the porch, was Lawyer Allyn. walks we took together. There is one road-that one that leads by the Hillman cottage-I never care to go now

though we dreaded the separation. mistake-a great mistake, once in my Never mind, Charming Bettie,' he said, life, and I want, if possible, to rectify when he came to kiss me good by. In a few years I will be nicely fixed; perhaps rich, who knows? Anyway, I'll have a good start, and I will come back and carry you away.' And then he was gone, and that was the end, for when David Allyn came home at the

end of two years he did not come alone; he brought his wife with him. "They staid here a little while, and then went back to the city. I met her.

once, in church and I overheard her ask David 'who that ugly little thing with the red face was he was staring at so hard?" If that was 'Charming Bettie?' That day I walked for the first time after David's marriage up the Hillman cottage road, and, although I shed many bitter tears, I resolved not to let what had happened spoil my life for me; but somehow it has ...," the spinster ended sadly, and she stared at

the fire with dim eyes. "Miss Bettie, she is dead now," the girl said softly, after a little pause,

"and he is a widower." Priscilla had been staring at the fire also, and weaving a little romance of her own.

"Hush, child !" Miss Sligo cried, "How can you? She has not been in her grave a year yet, and David Allyn will never marry again, anyway. His romance, like mine, is ended."

Miss Priscilla kissed the maiden lady's faded cheek, and flung her young arms affectionately around her.

"I shall love you better than ever, now," she said, tenderly, "and I hope ome day things will yet come right. Then she went away, and Miss Bettie stood in her open window for ome time after, looking at the sunset. Lawyer Allyn saw her as he came up the street from his office. He had moved to R--- from the city, and walked more slowly as he came to the little brown house among the trees.

They always spoke to one other; it always seemed foolish not to speak. So when he got by the window he said:

"Your flowers are looking very fresh and nice. Miss Bettie."

The spinster gave one of her little nervous starts. She had not seen him coming. Her hand struck against one of the flower-pots and knocked it over. "I have a picture of him, taken when It rolled off the narrow sill, and lay at

> "It is broken to pieces," he said, picking it up, with a little smile on his thin, sallow face, "but I am going to

> "Yes-if you want to," she made answer, a little breathlessly. He took the plant-a pale-pink ger anium-out of the earthern pot, and

> shook a little of the dirt off the roots. "This shall bloom in my window," he

said," and I am going to name it 'Charming Bettie,' in memory of other days.'

Miss Sligo's face flushed a deep red. "Good-night," she said, abruptly, and was about shutting the window. She dead a year.

"No, don't go yet," David Allyn said, his hand on the fence railing. Then he seemed to remember himself-"Very well, good-night," he added and walked slowly away, the little

pink geranium in his hand. A few days later, another stormy afternoon, near dusk, Miss Sligo heard

a knock at her front door. There, on Miss Bettie smoothed her curls

quickly and hastened to the door. She ed the way to the little parlor. "Take this chair," she said, drawing The lawyer held out his hands to the

it. Don't tell me it is to late."

To feel that she was loved again, after all these lonely years, was too much for Miss Bettie; she burst into tears. Her white kitten purred and rubbed its soft little head against her dress. The firelight danced on the wall and made black shadows in the corners.

In the uncertain light David Allyn bent and kissed the faded cheek beside him.

They were speedily married.

American Society. American society, as now carried on, is maintained solely for the bene fit of young girls, and is generally little better than a marriage mart. The parents launch their offspring as well as possible, and display their wares to the greatest advantage, but the business of the market is carried on chiefly by the young girls themselves, instead of by their mothers, as in England and Europe. There is no special objection to this method of transacting the business, but it is preposterous that young girls and their affairs should overshadow and shut out everything and everybody else. The result of this absorption in one class and one pursuit is that American society is often insufferably dull and flat. It is made up too exclusively of ignorant girls and their attendant boys. Half the education of a cultivated woman is of course that which is derived from society and from the world; and yet American society is almost wholly given up to the business of entertaining and marrying those who are neces sarily wholly destitute of such an education. Another effect of the prevalence of social principles of this description, is the supremacy of that most rustic and unattractive of habits, the pairing system, which converts society into a vast aggregation of tetea-tetes. This prevails all over the world to a greater or less extent, but it should never reign supreme. The upshot of the whole thing with us is to drive out of society nearly all married people,-for marriage under such a system is destructive of social value; nearly all unmarried women over 25 are thought to have overstayed their market; and, finally, a considerable portion of the unmarried men of 30 and upwards. In other words, except at few large balls and receptions, all the best and most intelligent part of society is usually lacking. It has been pushed aside, and is obliged to find all its social amusements in small coteries of its own. This retirement is of course voluntary, because the pairing system ruins general society, and makes it, in fact, impossible in the best and truest sense. A clever young Englishman not loug ago expressed his surprise at the fact that whenever he asked who a lady of a certain age, as the French say, might be, he was invariably told, not that she was Mrs. Blank, but that she was the mother of Mrs. Blank. The girl, like the boy, is properly the most insignificant member of society. When a young man goes forth into the world he starts at the bottom of the ladder, and works his way up. The same rule should apply to young ladies in society. They have their place, and it is an impor-

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Germany still beheads her criminals for certain capital offenses.

Landscapes have been photographed from the windows of a train running forty miles an hour.

Pittsburg, Penn., manufactures glass shingles, said to be more durable and Impervious to rain than slate.

A Paris surgeon advertises that he will supply people with all the dimples they may desire at a napoleon apiece. The practice of cremation is making

such progress in Japan that it is said about 9000 bodies are annually disposed of in this manner. The last census of India shows that

there are 21,000 widows in the land of elephants and jungles. This is due to the fact that no woman whose husband dies is allowed to remarry.

The total land area of the United States, not including Alaska, is 1,900,-800,000 acres, and the total amount of farms, according to the last census, 536,081,835 acres. The number of acres owned by the government at the time that census was taken was 1,273,-946,438.

A cubic inch of gold is worth \$210, a cubic foot, \$362,380, a cubic yard, \$9, 797,762. This is valuing it at \$18 an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was in the world \$427,000,000 in gold. This had diminished to \$57,000,000 at the time America was discovered, when it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated to be \$6,000,000,000.

The Pampered "Pug."

The "yaller dog" is a drug in the city markets. He at one time flourished profusely. The pampered and luxurious canine at the present time is the pug. The equipment of any lady representing the first circles of aristocratic society is incomplete without a pug. At the same time his is a color that has a narrow escape from yellow. The regulation tone of a well-bred pug is a dark cream color, except in the extremities. His nose is black as far back as his eyes and on his legs as far up as his knees. A stout tail, closely curled over the back, is an individual feature of the prevailing pet of the ladies. Although possessed of a counte nance so ferocious in appearance com pared with which the vicious bull-terrier appears placid and benign, the pug is the most harmless of creatures. Pugnacity is an unknown quantity in the composition of a pug. He enjoys the proud distinction of setting the rules and theories of physiognomy aside in the estimation of character. Were he not fashionable, he would be positively ugly. As it is, common people, who have neither the means nor mind to be esthetic, regard the pug as really repulsive.

A pug of certified pedigree insuring the greatest possible meanness of cour tenance is worth \$75 to \$100. He weighs from nine to thirteen pounds A little arithmetic will show how a pound of pug goes a great way into dollars. A pug requires an elaborately-made and monogramed blanket and harness. There are several tailoring firms in Cincinnati who make a specialty of clothing pugs-and plugs. A plain garment for a pug costs as much as \$20, and as much more money in the way of jeweled collars, and gold and silver trappings can be put on him, as the demands of fashion require. The pug is a fashionable institution, borrowed from England. All the rep resentative sires and dames of this family of beasts are owned by the nobility of England whose kennels are guarded as closely as their stables and preserves. The money required for the purchase and maintenance of a pug would keep a poor child and relieve maternal distress for a year. Poor children and maternal distress are not fas'iionable however, and pugs are.

THE BON MARCHE

An Establishment that Feeds, Shelters and Educates its Employes. Almost every one knows this won-

derful dry goods store of Paris, but I think not many know that it is a benevolent work as well as a successful business undertaking. Mr. Boucicaut, the founder, began life as a poor boy, and when able to have a little store of his own, his attention was directed to the welfare of his clerks, and he gave them as soon as he was able, a home in his own house. From this small beginning the work has grown wonderfully. Mr. Boucicaut died a few years ago, worth millions of dollars. and to-day the "Bon Marche" carried on by his widow, employs 3000 people. Two thousand of these people live in the building, and the 3000 take their meals there. The first thing to be noticed by a party making a tour of inspection of this great concern is a large hall filled with desks, where a great many boys and young men are studying bookkeeping. They review all the books of the store, and are paid a small amount for every mistake they find. In the evening lessons are given gratuitously to the employes in English, German, instrumental and vocal music, and fencing. Concerts are given by the store in summer, in the square by the side of the building; in winter, on the ground floor, which can be cleared by the porters in twenty minutes of counters and goods, when it is needed for that purpose or for balls. There are four dining rooms, one for the men clerks, one for the girls, one for the workwomen, and one for the porters, messengers, and drivers. The menu for dinner of one day consisted of soup, one kind of meat, one kind of vegetable, and dessert, and for each person a half bottle of wine. Coffee is extra; it costs two cents for a small cup and three cents for the large ones. Three hundred people are employed in the kitchen and as waiters in the dining rooms. The kettles are immense, three feet high, and no man could meet his arms around one of them. Of course, when full and hot, they are beyond the ability of man to move, so pulleys are arranged which lift the kettles from the fire and place them where they are wanted. For the clerks there is a room for amusements. where there are billiard tables, chess, checkers, dominoes, etc., but no cará playing. The lady clerks have a pleasant little

parlor, where there is a piano, and where they can spend their evenings when they choose. Each girl has a room entirely to herself, which is plainly but very comfortably furnished. There are rules to be observed by all, but they are not burdensome or oppressive; the doors are not closed or. week days until 11, and on Sundays until 12:30 at night, but the occupations and entertainments make it more enticing to remain at home than to go out. Every one in the service of the "Bon Marche" receives a certain com mission on everything sold or delivered. and after a certain number of years' service each acquires an interest in the store that increases yearly. It is on€ of the most complete works of benevolence known. It would be almost impossible to think of any details that are not attended to. There is a barber' shop in the building for the use of the employes, a physician is employed by the store, and his services are free to all; moreover, there is an infirmary in another part of the city where those who are sick are cared for; a pair of boots is blacked for every member of the establishment every day. When asked if any board was paid the answer was "no," but I suppose at least some difference is made in the salary .--Fashion Courier.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Dyspepsia .- The late Dr. Leared, in in his recently published essay on "The Causes and Treatment of Indigestion," lays down as a fundamental principle that the amount of food which each man is capable of digesting with ease always has a limit which bears relation to his age, constitutaion, health, and habits, and that indigestion is a consequence of exceeding this limit. Different kinds of food are also differently adapted to different constitutions Dyspepsia may be brought on by eating irregularly, by allowing too long an interval between meals, and by eating too often. Frequently the meals are not gauged as to their relative amount, or distributed with a due regard for health. Thus, when we go out after taking a light breakfast and keep at our work, with a still lighter lunch only during the interval, till evening, we are apt, with the solid meal which tempts us to indulgence, to put the stomach to a harder test than it can bear. "When a light breakfast is eaten, a solid meal is requisite in the middle of the day. When the organs are left too long un. employed they secrete an excess of mucus which greatly interferes with digestion. One meal has a direct influence on the next ; and a poor breakfast leaves the stomach over-active for dinner. . . . The point to bear in mind is, that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes you too hungry for the next ; and that, when you are too hungry, you are apt to overload the stomach, and give the gastric juices more to do than they have the power to perform. Persons who eat one meal too quickly on another must likewise expect the stomach finally to give notice that it is imposed upon. Other provocatives of dyspepsia are imperfected mastication, smoking and snuff-taking, which occasions a waste of salivaalthough some people find that smoking assists digestion, if done in moderation-sitting in positions that cramp the stomach, and the pressure that is inflicted on the stomach by the tools of some trades, as of curriers, shoemakers, and weavers. The general symptoms of dyspepsia are well known. Some that deserve special remark are fancies that the limbs or hands are distorted, mental depression, extreme nervousness, hypochrondria, and other affections of the mind. The cure is to be ought in avoiding the food and habits by which dyspepsia are promoted, and and using and practicing those which are found to agree best with the system of the subject. Regularity in the hours of meals can not be too strongly insisted on. "The stomach should not be disappointed when it expects to be replenished. If disappointed, even a diminished amount of food will be taken, without appetite, which causes the secretions to injure the stomach, or else impairs its muscular action." -Popular Science Monthly.

His Papa's Name.

There was a bright little boy be ween 2 and 3 years old picked up as he was wandering on the street and carried to the Four Courts, where he took a seat on the railing in front of the Central Station, stuck out his chubby legs and stared at everyone who came in without being the least abashed. As is customary in such cases, an endeavor was made to elicit information from him that might lead to his restoration to his distracted parents. The little fellow appeared willing to tell all he knew. "What's your name, young man?" they asked him.

It was there, on that road, just about dark one October evening that he told a large rocker close to the fire. me he loved me. There had been a fine sunset, and the sky had been a blaze. bright flame-color. As the glow faded and the meadows grew dark, and a little mist began to shut out the hills. we turned to go home. 'Lean on my arm, dear,' he said, and when I did so, trembling a little, he said: 'How father and mother both died here, and would you like a young fellow's strong it has many associations." arm to lean on always?' I didn't say anything right then, he took me so by surprise; and presently he went and knitting. told me how pretty he thought I was, and he said, with a laugh, and giving my arm a little pinch: "I am going to name you 'Charming Bettie.' So after that he always called me that, and soon nearly every one in R---- began calling me it, too. We were never engaged to each other, although I wear a little ring he gave me, in remembrance of our love, yet," Miss Bettie said, and held out one thin hand, on which shone, in the firelight, a worn band of gold, "There was just this understanding between us; some day when he had got a nice start in the law and had a little home of his own to take me to, then I was to be his wife. We were young and we were content to wait; and one day he went away to the city to go into partnership with and old established lawyer, a friend of his father's. It was a grand chance, a fine opening for him, and we both knew

"You have a snug little home, Miss Bettie," he observed. "I suppose you would never be willing to leave it now."

"I am attached to the house," the spinster said, gravely. "My dear

She was sitting in another rockingchair near by, and had taken up her

David Allyn watched the swift-flying needles.

"Don't you ever get lonely?" he asked, after a few moment's silence. "I place; but it is too big for me."

Miss Bettie only knitted faster, and her greatly. Suddenly, he moved forward, and took her work away.

"I don't want you to knit any more to-night," he said; "I want you to look at me.

"Lawyer Allvn!"

"No, not Lawyer Allyn-David. Call me that, as you used to." Miss Bettie trembled; her cheeks glowed as in youthful days. David Allyn took one of the spinster's thin hands in his-the one on which bodily vigor is attributable to regularthe little worn ring was, it happened. ity and temperance in eating, drinking come to-night to ash your forgiveness ble instance of long-preserved elasticity it, and rejoiced over it like children, al- and your love again. I feel I made a of all the faculties.

comitant of universal tete-a-tetes, makes really attractive general society impossible. We place the social pyramid upon its apex, instead of upon its base, and then wonder that it is a poor, tottering and unlovely object .-- Atlantic Monthly.

tant one; but they should not start in

social life at the top, and then slowly

descend. Such a system is against ev-

ery law of nature or art, with its con-

A Temperate Life.

George Bancroft, the historian, is 83 years old, and yet of as clear intellect, sure memory, unflagging industry, hungry for new facts historical and scientific, and fond of society and outdoor exercise as a man of half his age He rides frequently, and sits his horse with only a student's stooping of the shoulders, and his white hair crowns a do, up in my big house. It is a pretty face full of animation and lit by quick and expressive eyes. At his desk at five or six in the morning, he has all was silent. His coming had disturbed the freshness of a youthful literateur, and is devoid of the vanity common to youth and old age, of petting his own ideas and style. In revising the early volumes of his history he strikes out his theories of twenty years ago as readily as his superabundant diction, and replaces them with lately discovered facts in ethnology and chronology and with terse and direct language. His intellectual healthfulness is due probably to constant and unhurried work, as his "Bettle," he said, gravely, "I have and general living. He is a remarka-

A Man Never had Teeth.

A man who never in his life had a tooth in his jaws was at one time a resident of Montana. This fact was brought to the recollection of an old resident of Montana by seeing a statement in an Eastern paper that one of the most wonderful natural curiosities of the age is a 10-years-old Georgia boy who never had any teeth and shows no signs that he ever will have any. The man referred to above was 60 years old and had never had teeth. His name was Joseph Bearclaw. He was a resident of Alder Gulch in 1864 and 1865. Although nature failed to supply Mr. Bearclaw with teeth she tried to make amends by furnishing him

with long, strong finger-nails and toenails, which were almost as hard as bone and fully an eighth of an inch thick. It is not known whether he got the name of Bearclaw from the circumstance or if that was properly his name. He was from Illinois, to which state he returned in 1865 or

Father of Waters.

Recent data show the Mississippi river to possess fifty-five tributary streams, with a length of navigation of 16,571 miles, or about two-thirds of the distance round the world. Even this, however, represents but a small amount of the navigation which will foliow when the Federal government has made the contemplated improvements in the Upper Mississippi, in the Minnesota, Wisconsin and other rivers in which it is now engaged. But while the Mississippi has 16,571 miles navigable to steamboats, it has 20,221 navigable to barges.

Knew Him Well.

"Do you know the prisoner ?" asked a judge of a witness.

"Yes, sir, I do; I know him intimately; he and I were in a bank together at the same time."

"Ah, when was that ?" was the ques. tion of a shrewd lawyer, who was counsel for the prisoner.

"Well, as near as I can remember, it was five years ago, and about 3 o'clock in the morning; none of the bank offi. cers were present at the time." The witness was speedily excused

"Jimmie Rearden," he lisped. "What's your papa's name?" "Papa."

"But what does your mamma call him?"

The cherub's face lightened up with pleasure at being able to furnish the desired information, as he answered : "She tells him, you old villain, you."

The examination was postponed .--St. Louis Republican.

The Fox and the Farmer.

A box one day made a call upon a Peasant and bitterly complained of the custom of shutting poultry up nights in Fox-proof pens. "It isn't because I suffer at all," added Reynard, "but think how uncomfortable it must be for the poor Fowls. It is their condition I wish to mitigate."

The Peasant took the matter under advisement, and next evening he neglected to shut up his Fowls. Next morning he came across the Fox just as he had finished feasting on a fat Pullet and cried out: "Ah! this is the way you take to pity my poor Fowls, is it?"

"Well, you see," grinned Reynard, "I feel very sorry for the Fowls, but at the same time cannot afford to miss an

opportunity." Moral: The man with ten acres of land to sell is the chap who first sees the need of an orphan asylum.—Detroit Free Press.

1866.